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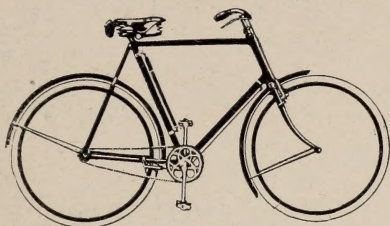
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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1916

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

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VALDEMAR BENDRODT

Captain of the boys' basketball team, star rugby back, and athletic editor for The Camosun.

MARGARET BURRIDGE

Captain of the girls' basketball team, who has done exceptionally good work in that capacity.

EDITH STEWART

Captain of the girls' hockey team, who has filled that position with every success. Miss Stewart is also a prefect and member of the Matriculation Executive for Matric A.

STROTHER FOULKES

Captain of the boys' hockey team and prefect, who, apart from his fame as a debater, is also the 2nd vice-president of the Athletic Association.



LYALL BLAND

The energetic reporter of Preliminary C, who won first place among the reporters of the Preliminary Year in the recent Camosun campaign.



NORA DRURY

Who represents Preliminary D on the reporters' staff. She won second place for her class by obtaining nineteen subscriptions.



AIMEE RYAN

Reporter for Preliminary A, who added nineteen names to our list of subscribers.



JACK DEVEREUX

Reporter of Preliminary B.



MYRTLE IRVING

Reporter of Preliminary E.

Only a Dog

“SOMEWHERE in France,” at the top of a good-sized hill, stood a small deserted cottage. Up the bare and rocky slope behind the little house, a broad road ran, straight and steep, but down the other side it twisted in and out of low bushes and tall trees, till at the base of the hill it turned sharply to the right, and was hidden in a thick copse of trees and undergrowth.

In the cellar of the little house, Zip, the beloved regimental pet, growled, whined, and champed indignantly at the end of his rope. He was lonely and miserable, and oh, very ill-used!

His master, a young khaki-clad soldier, had tied him up with a hurried caress, and left him late last night and hadn't been to see him since. No one had, in fact, and it was nearing dusk again. There were more soldiers upstairs, and surely some of them could come and speak to a lonely, scared, little terrier, instead of shooting at those silly helmeted persons in the bushes with horrid things that spat fire and cracked. Really, people had no consideration for poor little dogs at all. It was shameful!

Upstairs, eleven brave men were determinedly keeping at bay a band of Germans nearly five times their number. From the rocky side of the slope, these had crept up on the dozen British Scouts resting in the cottage, and one of their number, Zip's master, a young corporal, had promptly slipped down the other side for reinforcements, a probable eight miles' walk. A warning shot from the house sent the Germans scurrying round to the bushes for shelter, for not knowing how many occupied the cottage, they hesitated to attack.

So all next day the seige went on, and things were getting very serious for the little party in the house, for their ammunition was becoming alarmingly low, and four of their number were wounded. If the reinforcements didn't come soon—well, other men had lost their lives in other tight places—more would, that was all.

Suddenly the lonely, frightened little animal in the cellar heard a sound which made him pause in his angry attempts to free himself, and listen. His sharp dog's ears had caught the thud of muffled hoof-beats! Far away, but ever coming closer!

The sudden crash seemed to send the dog crazy. It was his master coming! He knew it was! He would get free! He would! he would! Zip snarled and yelped as he twisted and tore madly at his leash. For several minutes he gnawed and bit in blind fury, then, at his frantic tug, the rope gave, and Zip flashed down the road.

The defenders of the cottage saw him, and wondered he was not fired at. But at the bend in the road Zip paused, angry,—puzzled. He glanced in a bewildered way from one side to the other, then, planting his forepaws firmly in the road, with lowered head, and back slanting up to his stiffened tail, he began to bark loudly at the bushes in that annoying way a dog has when someone is hiding whom he thinks is playing with him.

The Germans, lying in ambush for the reinforcements whom five minutes before they had heard galloping along the road,—waited tensely. The dog was betraying them! They dared not shoot at him, that would too certainly give them away, but if they were silent the oncoming riders might think the dog was barking at a bird.

Suddenly, riding at the head of thirty men, Zip's master swept round a bend further down the road. He recognized and called to his dog. But Zip only started to one side, as if someone had "shooed" him,—and barked at the bushes. Instantly the man understood, and halted his men with a shouted command.

"There's an ambush there," he cried. "Dismount! Fire into the bushes! Mind the dog!" They were saved!

The defenders of the cottage rushed out cheering, to join in the fray. In ten minutes all was over,—almost. A burly German, fleeing down the road for his life, turned and shouted in good English,—*"We'll get even with that—dog, anyway!"* and levelling his rifle, fired. Without a sound, Zip, cavorting thankfully round his master, dropped. With a sharp, hissing noise, the young corporal drew a quick breath between clenched teeth. He wheeled, and raising his rifle to his shoulder fired a deliberate return. The flying man stumbled, spun round, and fell, his smoking gun still in his hand.

Without a word the British soldier turned and lifted his faithful little friend in his arms. A chum, slowly removing his service cap, and flinging an arm about the bent shoulders of Zip's master, turned with him in silence to the cottage. In silence, with bared heads, the men slowly followed, the guards with their prisoners.

Gazing in contemptuous surprise at the heaving shoulders of the British corporal, a German turned to his fellow captive: *"What a fuss over nothing,"* he remarked, shrugging his shoulders, *"it's only a dog!"*

V. C., Com. A.

THE SOLDIER!

(Being the Reflections of an Old Veteran)

There are troops of jolly khaki lads a-marchin' through the town,
And they're feeling just as happy as can be,
For they surely know for certain, that we'll win, hands down,
As right will conquer wrong, you soon shall see.

They are going to fight for freedom, for honour, and for king,
Isn't that enough to make a man feel grand?
They will have a lot of hardship, but Duty is the thing,
And they're going to "carry on" to beat the band.

For Britain has a history, Britain has a name,
To be beaten is a most unheard of thing;
The protection of the weak and small's a sure road to fame.
And they're going to fight for Honour, Faith and King!

—E. C. C., Prelim. D.

A Modern Rip Van Winkle

ON October 16th, 1895, Billie Wrinkle had tramped many miles looking for a stray shot at a deer. Towards evening, being very tired, he returned to his little log cabin near Sooke. After having supper he turned into his bunk in very low spirits and was soon fast asleep.

October 16th, 1915: A party of visitors to the Sooke water-works, had been caught in a shower of rain. Looking around for a shelter they found a small cabin in a clump of trees which had hitherto been unnoticed. Within they found a rusty old stove in which they made a fire. By the time they had finished their lunch and were thoroughly warned, the storm had cleared off; so they set out for the city, leaving behind them the remains of their lunch and a recent copy of the Daily Booster.

It may have been the warmth from the fire or the odour of the flasks that woke Billie—anyway he thought he heard voices; but as his limbs felt very stiff it took him a long time to move and his visitors had gone before he could get out of his cramped bunk.

To be sure things did look a little altered, but as he was very hungry he ate what food he saw without question. When his glance happened to light on the paper he saw such headings in large type as "Terrible slaughter"—"Humph," he mused. "Another boot and shoe sale." Further on he read,— "This rich and wonderful country, with its vast resources of mineral wealth, fisheries, timber and agriculture, is on the eve of a great future." "Yes," he said, with a grin, "every politician has made the same remark since I can remember." Turning over a page he read: "Since Ammerson and the unfortunate hero, Captain Scott, visited the South Pole and since Perry discovered the North Pole." Here he stopped and said to himself: "A serial of Jules Verne's, I'll bet; strange I've never read that one!"

He opened the doors and looked out; the leaves were falling as they will in Autumn. But what was that coming down the hill! Good heavens! what a noise! like a steamboat! and what a speed!—not one but two, three of them going like so many mill tails! Billie leaned against the doorpost.

"It's that bottle I got from Dutchie," he said, "and he told me it was the genuine H. B. proof. I'll get even with him—I've been feeling sort of queer ever since I woke up."

Just then he saw a young man coming along the road and hailed him as Jim Smith.

"That's my name," said the young fellow—"but who are you?"

"Don't you know me, Jim? I'm Billie Wrinkle. Don't act the fool, please."

"I never saw you before in my life," said Jim, "but, if you want a lift into town, just jump into my motor on the road there—I'm in a hurry."

Before Wrinkle realized what had happened he was being whisked to town at what seemed to him a prodigious speed (although the machine was only a Ford and they were passed by several motors going in the same direction).

Stopping at the Empress Hotel, Jim ushered his strange and bewildered guest into a large hall and thence into an elevator which conducted them to his apartments. He went to the telephone and ordered some refreshments which so far revived Billie from his stupor that at last he found his tongue and said:

"Say! Is this London, Paris, or a nightmare?"

"My father," said Jim, "after whom I am named, once told me that he had a friend called Billie Wrinkle, who disappeared, in a very strange way, many years ago, and I have concluded that you must be his old pal. Let me show you what has happened since you have been away. This large hotel stands on what was once a part of the harbor. Looking through the window, you can see the Post Office and Custom Houses as well as the magnificent Parliament Buildings. No, those ships are not ocean liners. They are ferry boats that run to Vancouver and Seattle. Those wires on the masts? Oh, those are for sending and receiving messages while at sea. All ships carry them and wireless messages are flashed all over the world. You notice few horses on the streets; most of the traffic goes by automobile. Great advances have been made in locomotion. Ocean-going vessels and trains travel at a much greater speed and it is possible to go round the world in a month. They fly in the air in machines designed to carry passengers but they usually carry bombs just now to drop on the people below."

"You don't mean to tell me they want to kill people with all these great inventions!" exclaimed Wrinkle.

"You don't know that Germany has declared war on civilization and that Europe is one huge battlefield?"

This shocked Billie so violently that he almost collapsed.

"I must have been asleep," he said; "what are we doing in Canada?"

"Sending men to the front by thousands," said Jim.

"And the United States?" asked Wrinkle.

"Neutral," answered Jim. Wrinkle collapsed.

Next morning he had his whiskers cut and joined the "Western Scots."

—ERNEST ABLETT, Prelim. C.

Our Humor

Teacher (to class)—"Come, put your brains on the board!"

Voice from the rear—"This is no butcher shop."

Teacher (explaining gravity)—"All objects have an attraction for one another. This side of the room (boys) has an attraction for that side (girls). Now, there is a force that holds us down. What is it?"

Once-bitten-twice-shy—"Experience."

La Grippe

THE popularity of any periodical must be judged by the number of people taking it. La grippe is clearly a popular periodical. People of all shades of political opinion, even the Socialists, take it. It is successful in breaking down not only political, but social barriers. It makes no distinction between peer and peasant, between the elite and the illiterate, except perhaps in the insignificant matter of cost. Not only is this periodical non-partisan but it is non-denominational in religion. It absolutely refuses to recognize the State Church. It laughs at the doctrine of papal infallibility. Even the untutored pagan is not overlooked. Its creed is that of old Scotia's beloved bard, "A man's a man for a' that." (Christian Science tries hard to bribe the editor, but she will not be bribed).

By poetic license the Italians call the miserable malady influenza, either because they believe it had its origin among the stars or because they hope by flattery to charm the disease. It makes a lot of people "see stars" sure enough. The medical fraternity, viewing it from this standpoint, bless such stars. What the matter-of-fact Englishman calls epidemic catarrhal fever, the impulsive Frenchman calls la grippe. We have often wondered why. Feminine gender, mark you! Is it because once a woman seizes a man she is hard to shake off? Or is it because women are so affectionate and this is such a pronounced affection? Deliver me from the symptoms and signs of affection. They are plus and minus—plus pain, minus pleasure.

Never mind: What the little boy said holds good here—"A lie is a very present help in time of trouble." La grippe covers a multitude of sins. If you are not anxious to attend school, why it's la grippe. If you wish to turn down an engagement, say you have the "grip." And should you happen to be seen around next day speak of your successful hot bath the night before and the merits of bromo quinine.

—Convalescent. Preliminary G.

"WOT'S THE USE?"

(Being the Thoughts of a Slacker on Seeing a Regiment of Soldiers Pass)

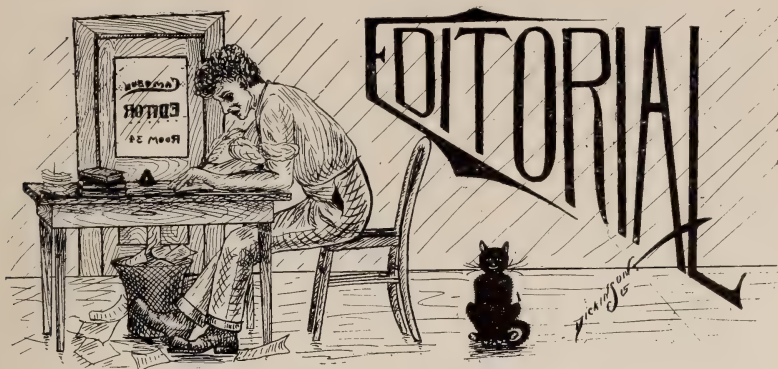
Wot's the good of all yer talkin' 'bout me king and country's needs,
When there's dozens of 'em there ter take me place;
And all them 'cruitin' posters of Kitchener and Joffre
Always a-starin' at me in the face.

Me King and Country want me? Well I guess they'll 'ave ter want,
For I don't intend ter go an' face no foe;
'Sides wot's me King an' Country ever tried to do fer me?
That I should have ter chuck me job an' go.

At every bloomin' corner a recruitin' sergeant stands,
An' he says ter me, "Join lad fer honour's sake!"

But it ain't no good their talkin', fer I will never join,
No matter wot inspirin' tales they make.

—E. C., Prelim D.



OUR SHAKESPEARIAN NUMBER

THE year 1916 marks the Tercentenary of William Shakespeare. The world's greatest poet was born in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, the centre of a romantic district, on April 23rd, 1564. Only the merest fragment of reliable information, gleaned largely from legal documents and municipal records, has come down to us concerning the life of Shakespeare; we have far less record of his life than we have of simple country gentlemen of his time. So far as can be known, the poet died on the anniversary of his birth, April 23, 1916. He was given a tomb in an honoured part of the parish church, not because of his greatness in literature, but because of his interest in the petty affairs of his native village. The broad stone that covers his tomb—now an object of veneration to thousands that yearly visit the little church—was inscribed as follows:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digge the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

This wretched doggerel, over the world's greatest poet, was intended no doubt, as a warning to some stupid sexton, lest he should empty the grave and give the honoured place to some amiable gentleman who had given more tithes to the parish.

In the three hundred years that have elapsed since Shakespeare's death, his fame has increased by leaps and bounds; so much so that we even find our enemies, the Germans, claiming him as their own because, they say, they appreciate him more than we do. Be that as it may, the English-speaking world may modestly assert, perhaps, that it has been influenced and affected in thought and action to a very great extent by his high ideals. We can only exclaim at the narrowness of vision and lack of appreciation of his contemporaries.

In other years than these the celebration of Shakespeare's three hundred years of fame would have eclipsed all other events; however, because of the war this recognition will be left largely to the schools

and the younger element of the population. Doubtless you are aware that the Matriculation classes have been preparing themselves for some time past for a production of part of Julius Caesar and scenes from Henry IV; the date for that is now definitely announced for March 10. The editors of The Camosun are ambitious to have a Shakespearian number appear on the same day. The whole of that issue will be devoted to matters Shakespearian. The fact that this issue is to be given over to this purpose should be sufficient to stimulate the very best effort, but at the same time we are intending to offer two prizes of five dollars each for the two best contributions, one for the best original contribution (for example, a poem or story concerning Shakespeare), and one for the best essay. Here are some suggestions for intending contributors: A sonnet; A story with its incident based on some reputed event in Shakespeare's life; Humour in Shakespeare; Shakespeare and Music; The Stage in Shakespeare's Day; Miracle Plays and Moralities; Shakespeare's Heroes and Heroines; Shakespeare's Patriotism; Great Shakespearian Actors.

Furthermore, you will no doubt be coming across many humorous anecdotes which somehow concern Shakespeare's plays; for example, there are many good stories concerning eminent Shakespearian actors, as well as unexpected incidents during the acting of the plays. We want some of the best of these.

In conclusion, the occasion demands that your tribute, little though it may be, should be as great as possible.

THE MATRICULATION PLAY

The long delayed presentation of the first half of Julius Caesar and two scenes from Henry IV has been set for Friday, March 10. The players have been rehearsing for more than two months under the coaching of some of the teachers. Lately they have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Millicent Ward, who has acted with the F. R. Benson Players, one of the most famous Shakespearian companies in England at the present day. Since Miss Ward has taken charge of the coaching the enthusiasm of the players has increased and results are especially gratifying. The production will be the greatest of its kind ever undertaken by the students of Victoria High School and will be the more in keeping, therefore, with the Tercentenary of Shakespeare. Costumes are being acquired at no small cost and every step will be taken to make the production worthy of the High School. While the Matriculation Class are doing everything in their power to accomplish this, it is confidently expected that the Juniors and Freshmen will support them in every way possible. Tickets are being prepared and will be on sale within the next few days.

Teacher to pupil working arithmetic question: "What answer have you got for as far as you have gone?"

Pupil: "I haven't got that far yet, sir."



PRIMARILY the purpose of athletics is to strengthen the body, to build it up, to mould it in the beauty of perfect development, to produce health; and it does not require a great mental effort to see that athletics broaden the mind, develop character, self-reliance, a capacity for rapid thinking, and executive ability. Scientists recognize these facts. The scholar of today will be the citizen of tomorrow. And instead of a weak, narrow-chested, physically defective citizenry, susceptible to the ravages of the most trifling diseases, incapable of defending themselves, their families or their country from aggression, Canada wants a strong, upright, virile population, not necessarily of giants, but of physically fit, spirited men and women of character, who, when the crisis comes will not be found wanting.

A depraved body all too often leads to a depraved mind. Elsewhere the powers that be, in the majority of well informed states, have made athletics compulsory. But here in British Columbia the authorities are still reposing peacefully in their beauty sleep and have not faced the issue squarely; so that it devolves upon the individual principals of schools, to encourage athletics.

Fortunately (but to the irritation, even wrath of some well-meaning but exceedingly narrow-minded ratepayers), this building has been equipped with a splendid gymnasium with all modern appliances to boot; and yet, day after day, you may find it used by only a score or so of students, a select few, rather than crowded with eager pleasure seekers. We had two school basketball teams, but competition was lacking; we seemed to presage just about who would compose the first team and let it go at that. Some slight difficulty was experienced in raising a second rugby team, and the two hockey teams are far from encumbered with a multitude of aspiring recruits.

Now why should athletics be confined to these few, perhaps a hundred? Why does not every student of the school take up one game, seriously and thoroughly? The idea of the school system is certainly not just to produce one representative school team in each branch of sport to play Vancouver; it is to interest each and every individual student in a healthful, pleasant competition. You young

ladies, you young men, who finish a hard day with a general sensation of dullness, a slight or otherwise headache, try an expedition to the gym, some vigorous exercise, a hot and cold shower, and taste the full joy of the best remedy on earth for your particular malady; incidentally try and avoid a raid on the cook when you reach home.

The point is: how can we arouse interest in athletics, which an absence of compulsory participation necessitates? Can any of our readers suggest a means?

The Attendance at Games

For the last three years High School students have been notoriously poor supporters of their school teams in action. The number of students who have not seen any of their representative teams in big games this year can be estimated in the hundreds. Now this is lamentable. Any student who has never felt the thrill of exultation when his team scores in a hard-fought game, who does not know the joy of yelling his lungs out to encourage them, who has never sensed the disappointment of defeat, never attempted to preserve his dignity and composure whilst expressing his jubilation at a victory, is accorded, but does not merit, sympathy—nay, pity! And you teachers who have studiously avoided attending a game, remember that when students observe that, apart from lessons, you show an interest in their progress, their endeavours, a kinder feeling will result; a better spirit will permeate the whole school and students will work much more willingly and with conscientious zeal for teachers who are with them body and soul. Perhaps the fault lies in this, that we have no well-defined programme, prepared before the season, with games clearly outlined so that every student can know weeks, indeed months, previously on exactly what night he should exercise particular care in the preparation of his lessons so that both he and his teachers may be free next day to do their bounden duty.

* * * * *

We are told that simplicity secures force—we hope so. Extremely good and extremely bad playing is witnessed in the inter-class and inter-year basketball games, but all of it is interesting.

Another loss to record. Harold Hudson, that popular young athlete who so ably captained our rugby team, has left the school to play the greater game of life. Our regrets are mingled with sincere good wishes for his future success.

* * * * *

Girls' Basketball (By Harry Cross)

Two months have elapsed since the precincts of the V. H. S. were invaded by our friends the enemy,—that is to say Vancouver. This time we had as rivals the Britannia High School team of that city, a set of heavy stalwart girls. It was upon the evening of December 4, 1915, after a short curtain-raiser between a second High School team and some more V. H. S. boys disguised as Presbyterians, that the basketball event of the season took place.

For several minutes after Referee "Bob" Whyte called the game, play was very even, neither side getting much beyond centre. Victoria seemed to be a bit nervous, while Vancouver was just becoming accustomed to the large floor. Soon, however, things began to move and our redoubtable captain, Miss BurrIDGE, after missing by the narrowest of margins several unlucky shots, put us on the scoreboard with a very neat basket. The play was very well balanced indeed, for while our girls added three more points to their score, Britannia had also amassed five counters. It was just about this time that the score-keeper lost his head. Confused, confounded, amazed and dazzled by the lightning-like rapidity of action,—that's the best excuse he can think of—he calmly and coolly added the next four points scored by Victoria to Vancouver's credit. Suffice it to say that there was an enormous amount of excitement generated among the spectators, of which by the way there were an exceptionally large number. The aforesaid score-keeper therefore welcomes this opportunity of apologizing to V. H. S. rooters, pupils and teachers, and to the players themselves, for the enormity of his offence. A final and correct adjustment of the board at the end of the half showed that Victoria was on the long end of a nine—five score.

Upon the return of the players to the floor a difference in the play was noticed. Our mainland opponents had got used to the large floor-space. They were checking close and hard, and their weight soon turned the scales in their favor, for our forwards could not display as good combination as before. Vancouver added one basket, and then, a few minutes before time another, thus tying the score. The girls now were playing like, well, they were playing pretty fast anyhow, Vancouver battling to add just one more point, Victoria to keep the score drawn. In a whirlwind finish which brought all the spectators to their feet, the girls struggled on. A foul against Victoria with just fifteen seconds, stop-watch time, to go! A Vancouver girl took that ball, balanced it, carefully judged distance and height, and amid the silence of death, swung it up, up, up, just on the iron ring of the basket. There it wavered, the glory of the game and the McDonald Cup in the balance, and at last—fell down to the floor. Only a second, perhaps, but it seemed ages! A yell, the like of which has never before been heard in the High School gymnasium, rent the air, tore it to pieces, then pausing as the referee's whistle blew "time," redoubled in intensity to greet the holders of the Girls' Basketball Championship.

After the excitement of the game had slightly subsided, the girls of both teams, and the boys who played in the preliminary game, together with door and score-keepers, sat down to a very tasty supper. The Britannia girls were then escorted to the boat, much noise and "rooting" marking the progress of the car. The Vancouver visitors expressed themselves as delighted with their short sojourn in Victoria, sang "For They are Jolly Good Fellows," and then embarked for the rainy city, and, well—that's about all.

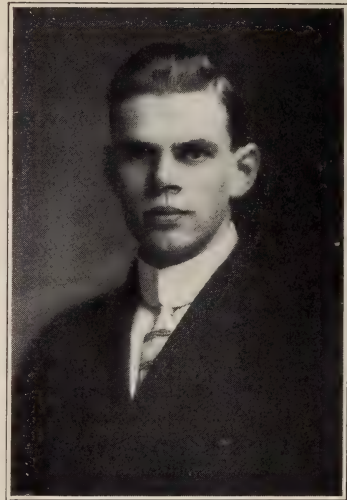
BETA



DELTA

MEETING of January 12th—The first meeting of the Spring session of the 1915-16 term was held on Wednesday, January 12th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. The various candidates spoke on humorous subjects of their own choosing. After more or less closely contested balloting the following were elected for office: President, Hutchison; Vice-President, Gee; Secretary, Reid; Treasurer, Gilliland; and Committee of Foulkes, Cross and Taylor.

Meeting of January 19th—The long-planned debate between the "Portia" and "Beta Delta" took place on Wednesday, January 19th, in the library. The meeting was open to all-comers, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the "Woman's Suffrage" question decided once and for all. The resolution was as follows: "Resolved, that the women of B. C. should be granted equal franchise with the men." The Portia upheld the affirmative and Beta Delta the negative, the former being ably represented by Misses Hunt and Sutherland and the latter by Messrs. Cross and Hutchison. After a most interesting debate the judges, Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Willis, rendered the decision in favor of the negative. It was notable that the representatives of the Portia were in the majority, but in all probability the visit of the Australian Cadets caused many Beta Delta members to be absent. Mr. Cornet presided over the meeting, in the absence of Strother Foulkes, who had been appointed to take the chair. After a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the judges the meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.



ROBERT HAMILTON
Beta Delta Gold Medallist Who Recently
Won the B. C. University's
Medal for Oratory

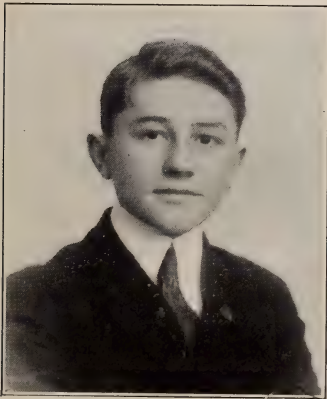
Debate with Vancouver—The Beta Delta has received a challenge from the Literary and Debating Society, of the King Edward High

School of Vancouver, which, needless to say, was immediately accepted. Arrangements are now being made with them as regards subject and date; it is hoped that the debate will take place on or before the 15th of March. The "Terminal City" orators have been storing up their energies for the past two years and it is expected that they will make a strong attempt to capture the "Sears Cup."

"What we have we'll hold." Nuff said.

Our Business Managers

IT is not the easiest thing in the world to make a financial success of a school paper in the best of times, much less in times of depression when "caution" and "retrenchment" are watchwords deeply impressed upon the minds of all. That The Camosun is a financial success is due to the efforts of Herbert Davey, the business manager, well seconded by Bruce Hutchison, the assistant manager.



HERBERT DAVEY



BRUCE HUTCHISON

It was a matter of promoting the students of the High School into the confidence of our advertisers, and our business staff kept wholeheartedly at their work until most of last year's advertisers had re-subscribed, and the results of the year showed a total as high as before. The Camosun staff is indeed lucky to have two such energetic members as the business manager and his assistant.

Algebra

Teacher: Which is easier to find the value of "X" or "Y"?

1st Pupil: "X"

2nd Pupil: "Y."

Teacher: "Y?" (Why).



SENIOR MATRIC

Sykes' Dream

The day was bleak, the cold draught fell
Upon his tired and weary head;
He sadly thought of summer's warmth,
And from his French his memory fled.

His brow at last drooped on his desk,
He fell into a gentle doze;
But still his brain worked furiously,
And dreams now troubled his repose.

He dreamed that he was still at school,
That he was in Geometry.
Oh sweetest dream! the feats he did
Made George all green with jealousy.

He first ran through Prop. Twenty-two
With proof all perfect Q. E. D.
Then "Book Eleven" he tackled next
As if it were his A. B. C.

Then "definitions" he attacked;
Poor Packenham got such a scare.
It was the first time Sykes was known
To state one since he had been there.

But for a sad awakening
He might have gone on even more.
He felt support all giving way,
He fell—yes, fell right on the floor.

'Twas but a dream, yet oh! how sweet
It seemed to him; 'twas bitter too.
With many a sigh and many a tear,
He realized 'twould ne'er come true.

Victoria Weather

The seasons once were various,
But now they are gregarious.
 Swift as the wind
 They change their mind,
Delightfully precarious.

Spring triumphs for an hour or so,
Encouraging a flower or so;
 A sudden frost
 And all is lost,—
Then comes a thunder shower or so.

When we're in church it's tropical;
Windows kalsidoscopic
 Which do not move,
 By cord or groove,
Make us feel misanthropical.

But if, our conscience hardening,
We start to do some gardening,
 It's sure to snow
 Or rain, or blow
With energy unpardoning.

There's something very strange about
The picnics we arranged about.
 The glass is set
 It's always wet—
That's one thing there's no change about.

But why tell any more of them?
You never can be sure of them—
 Unless we say
 On Saturday,
For then we get all four of them!

* * * * *

Senior Matric specializes on Ford jokes. Here are a couple of our best:

1. A chauffeur is seen showing his skill at driving by keeping one foot on the clutch and the other outside the car altogether. A kid, aged four, sees this and runs into his home exclaiming: "Ma, come and see the man going down the street on one roller skate."

2. Two men go fishing in their Ford, they alight on a bridge and cast their lines; one man loses his sinker but this is of small consequence, because he ties the F— on the end of his line and uses it for a sinker.

The question might be asked?

I. Who Sykes' and Chadwick's friends were in Vancouver?

II. Why Sykes was sick coming home on the boat?

“I. Why no one expressed their regret at the prophet's behavior?

Anyone desiring reliable information on the relations of Solomon, can obtain same by applying to A. V. Sykes, Room 10.

* * * * *

In Memoriam: The Senior Matric Class, one and all, tender their sincerest sympathy to Miss Howard in her sad bereavement.

MATRIC A

Frank Youngs used to sit in the last seat in the last row. He was of course the envy of all the boys. Frank Youngs left school, having joined the 103rd, and at the beginning of the term Harry Cross claimed the seat. Some of the teachers disputed the claim, as they did not seem to think that a back seat would be conducive to Cross' best work and wished him to resume his former seat in the front of the room, whereupon he produced the following epistle:

Dec. 17, 1925, B.C.

This is the last will and testament of Frank Youngs: Know ye people by all these presents herein set forth, that I will and bequeath my present abode and occupation in Room 18, V. H. S., to Harry Cross for him and his heirs forever.

(Signed) F. YOUNGS.

Witness: V. F. Bendrodt, K.C.B. (Knight of the Concrete Bean)

Needless to say Harry Cross still claims the back seat.

My Land Where Dreams Come True

It is a long, long way

Far across the water blue.

Where I will go one day.

My land where dreams come true.

Where there is never night,

Nothing at all to rue,

Everything there shines bright,

My land where dreams come true.

Some time I'll find the way

To cross that water blue.

There will I live alway,

My land where dreams come true.

Monday, February 7th, 1916—Quality not Quantity.

“La seule chose que je prusse faire c'est d'en acheter de neufs.

Foulkes—translating: “The only thing I can do is to buy”—looks around desperately, but receiving no help—“is to buy number nines.”

Query—Is this what Foulkes asks for when he buys a new pair of gloves.

"COLLEGE SPIRIT"

*Is the most essential quality among students
for winning*

Athletic Contests

A PRIZE of TEN DOLLARS will be given by
The White Swan Soap Co. for the student who
sends in the best article (limited to 250 words) show-
ing how the fostering of a similar spirit in muni-
cipalities should tend to encourage people to *buy*
Home Made Goods in preference to imported articles

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Supreme Honor at the
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awarded to the

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are assured only by constant
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woman depend in no small
degree for success and charm,
respectfully, on their teeth.
Poor, decaying teeth are a positive
menace to health and good looks.

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methods of dentistry. Painless,
quick, perfect. My charges are
most reasonable. Phone now for
an appointment.

Ladies in Attendance

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DENTIST
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MATRIC C

An Eventful Week

"The streets are dumb with snow."—Tennyson.

Monday—School went on as usual with an attendance of about 70 per cent.

Tuesday ,9:15 a.m.—Second bell rang. Two or three scholars watched from the window a stream of tardy girls and boys stretching along Camosun Street as far as the eye could see. The morning session was only interrupted by a "few lates."

Wednesday, 8:30 a.m.—The faithful ones who are never late, such as Burns and other early risers, look out upon a novel scene. The snow-clad surface of the Olympics seems to have been transferred to Victoria. In vain these "never lates" try to make a strenuous dash, through five feet of snow, to reach the dear old school. But, alas, their attempts failed. Others of the class determined to dig their way to school. How many managed to reach their front gates?

Thursday, 6:30 a.m.—Some scholars wake up trembling with fear, to see if there are any chances of getting to school. How relieved they are to find the snow as deep as yesterday. Back go the bed-clothes and to peaceful Dreamland again. Mother is finally forced to pull the clothes off about 10 a.m. The phone is used a great deal during the day, and the news is spread how five faithful teachers and a few scholars managed to reach school on Wednesday, and that school is closed until Monday. How we boasted of having the deepest snowdrifts. The day was spent in clearing snow.

Friday and Saturday—The young ladies of the class sit round their cheery fires reading novels and studying. Alas, the poor boys, ran up and down stairs, carrying up wood and coal, and chopping kindlings all day. Some even hinted that they preferred school to doing "chores."

Sunday—A day of rest and drying.

JUNIOR C

Pupil—Please sir, there are two y's in that figure.

Teacher—There'll be nobody too wise about the 25th of next June.

Is Elkington's smile concrete or abstract? This question has been puzzling our minds for some time. Our grammar teacher says it is abstract but some of us still think it is concrete—It's so fixed!

"If a pint of whisky and a pint of water be mixed, the resulting mixture is $1\frac{3}{4}$ pints." We wonder what has happened to that $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pint!

The Examiners will not ask us, next June, "How much snow had you last winter?" or "Did you have la grippe?"—but rather, "What do you know about these Latin verbs?" How inhuman some people are!

SPOT CASH

Given for all school books not on free list

WANTED—"Barren Grounds of Northern Canada" and
"Through the Sub-Arctic Forests" by Warburton Pike
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JUNIOR D

"Our Poets' Corner"

We have a budding genius in Junior D, as may be seen from the following contribution, an epic sung to the tune of "Little Bo-Peep":

Little old High has lost some cups,
But still knows where to find them.
So we will leave them alone
And they'll all come home,
Bringing some more beside them.

Class Notes

Three of our members have been transported to Botany Bay.

Kipling (reading Xmas Number of The Camosun):—"Say fellows, who ate the Fire-Eater?"

Hartley yesterday wrote a whole French sentence correctly.

A joke (heard during dull period):

Lyons: "Horses must be cold these days seeing that they wear no boots."

Irving: "I don't know; of course they always wear shoes, you know!"

PRELIM A

Oh! It was hard, full well I know,
To come on Wednesday through the snow.
When the snow is four feet deep
You have to crawl and wade and creep.
You battle 'gainst the stormy blast
To find, on reaching school at last
That you are met by those who say
"Oh! there will be no school today."
Then you are sure that you're a fool
To think that they would open school.
When going home you likely find
The snow is driven by the wind
Into your ear, and in your face,—
Your hat blows off and you give chase,
Your trials and woes are multiplied,
Your temper is most sorely tried.
At length you're home, fatigued and worn
And battered by the rising storm.
And in your private estimation
You deserve an education.

No doubt the teachers are very sorry that the weather has interfered with the school work. We are afraid, however, that the students do not share their sorrow.

The attendance of Prelim A has been greatly interfered with by the weather. H. Broley makes an effort and gets to school, but he apparently has to rest all the next day to get over the strain.

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undrum that now occupies public
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CORNER BROAD

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but the awful rumblings proceeding from the vocal organs of certain Matrics as they were endeavouring to sing the National Anthem at the end of a debate, would not have this effect on the unfortunate savage one who chanced to hear it.

During our three days' holiday from school on account of the snow,

Broley will no doubt assiduously study Latin (?)

Moore will of course concentrate on Prop. 8(?)

Nash will write a lengthy epistle to the "Times," its subject being "The Weather."

Miss Scott will spend some time on our interesting little volume by S. E. Lang(?)

The rest of us will close our school books and devote all our energies to resting.

McLennan has left us in order to assist in a drug store. The next person that dies from a wrong prescription will doubtless be his victim. Keep in touch with the obituary notes these days.

PRELIM F

S. E. Lang

There was a loud noise and a surly clang,
And into the world came S. E. Lang,
Bearing with him his works so sage,
All written down on one big page;
And little he thought when he wrote them down
That they should soon be making us frown.
Talk of relation and notional words.
"Oh! how we wish we were like little birds,
Up in the sky with no grammar to do,
I say we'd be happy, most agree, don't you?"

PRELIM H

The Protest of a Hungry Prelim

A wise old duck, so the book relates,
Who peddled his wisdom in ages past,
Said, "All things come to him who waits,
The last shall be first and the first shall be last.

I rise to state in my own behalf,
As a mis-treated, starved, buncoed Prelim,
As regards his wisdom, it is to laugh,
Solomon was a fool.

We are, and always will be last,
We wait till half past twelve, and then
A couple of crumbs to break our fast—
Say! Why don't they ham-string all such men?

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"Go and Do Thou Likewise"

The following *tri-ologue*, relating to the Matriculation play in honor of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare was overheard in the V. H. S. library and is faithfully reproduced herewith:

Freshman: "I heard a bristling rumor."

Junior to Matric: "What, is the fellow mad?"

Matric (knowingly): "Nay! Methinks there is much reason in his saying."

Junior to Freshman: "Be sudden! Tell us the manner of it!"

Freshman: "Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?"

Junior (thoroughly roused): "Urge me no more, slight man, I shall forget myself."

Matric: "Peace Ho! Let us hear what he can say."

Freshman: "'Tis merely this: They say that the Matrics mean to establish 'Caesar' as a play."

Junior: "Ye gods! It doth amaze me! 'Tis an enterprise of honorable—dangerous consequence!"

Freshman (continuing): "and there's to be more foolery yet if I could but mind me of it."

Junior: "I am glad on't." (turns to proud Matric) "Hold my hand! I wish your enterprise may thrive!"

Matric: "Many thanks."

Freshman (in great hurry): "I will leave you."

Junior: "Whither are you going?"

Freshman: "I hie me hence to get a parchment for the play of 'Caesar,' as which of you should not?"

Matric: "Ah! Well urged, my noble friend."

Junior: "Most true! Most true!"

Freshman: "'Tis well; then we, like friends, will straightway go together." (Exit mob).

(MORAL: Buy your parchment early).

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